





# YAKHO



DUMP ISSUE

35¢



# YOU DON'T SAY!



"... I said, 'Look out for the sub! Look out for the sub!' But *she* kept saying, 'One ski! I'm on one ski! Everybody look!' ..."



"Look man . . . just don't bug me, dig"



"Oh, Henry! You surprise me!"



"There! . . . Nag, nag, nag! I don't care what Pat would have done! And the next time you whine about what *she* did to the Blue Room, Mamie, you'll get more of the same!"

WINTER, 1963

# Yahoo

## WHO'S TO BLAME

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### AND OF COURSE

Dawson



Everywhere you look, someone is studying trends—psychologists, historians, advertisers, or sociologists (who seem to be a little of each of the preceding). *Yahoo*, nauseatingly public-spirited (as usual), offers you a brief summary of the trends in college humor magazines: from our observations, they are all trying to emulate either *Playboy* or *The New Yorker*. But, is *Yahoo* in that category? Good question! Perhaps we are in a third category—a magazine devoted to “knock and be knocked,” employing a format dictated by a budget dictated by scrooges. And always echoing behind the backs of the *Yahoo* staff are the snickers of certain student senators and the whines of choice administrators, who devote themselves to mythical qualms (or simply ill-deeds on Yahoos). In our attempts to escape the plague of trends, we can only seek refuge in the applause of the majority. “Dig we must,” as they say, and let those who can’t afford our striving magazine and the ensuing small laughs it provides be crushed in their own slow, bureaucratic machine.

But enough editorial paranoia. Ears perked, tails erect, tongues darting in-and-out in anticipation, we approached this, our second issue, with that same

hope of innovation. Soon, however, our ears lapsed back into obscurity, our erections faltered, and our tongues merely hung. What remained on campus to laugh at? We thought again of the administration, and after alternate fits of maniac-depression and hysterical sobbing, we left them to the winds (which bellow from Beacon Hill). We approached the athletic department, only to be repulsed by odors of “old hat.” We meandered through that cluttered catch-basin, the campus pond, past a monstrous new building (devoted to physics), and were confronted by the dining commons (devoted to physics)—yecch! Needless to say, we left that idea.

Thus befuddled, we pondered revenge on the *Engineering Journal*—that heinous publication which stole old *Yahoo* jokes for lack of good technical material to fill their pages. This we abandoned for a better plan: molasses in their slide-rule cases. We paused for a Caesura, but decided to make “nice magazine” so the staff of *Yahoo* could get their poetry in the next issue. Helas, what could be left?

Now brought to the brink of throwing ourselves into a pool of mud to

(Continued on page 2)

Humbly entered as third class matter in the U. S. Government Official Post Office, Amherst. *Yahoo* is the honest and true Humor Magazine of the University of Mass., published irregularly, three times in the academic year 1962-63, by students of the University of Mass. Subscription price is \$1.00 per year. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing *Yahoo*, RSO Box 106, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. Material from this magazine may be reproduced with proper credits by any bona-fide college-affiliated humor magazine—copies of which should be sent to *Yahoo*. National Advertising lovingly represented by College Magazines Incorporated.

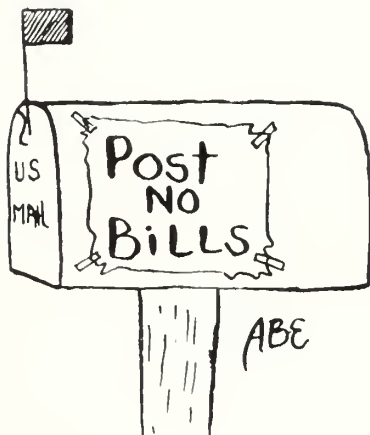


## MASS HYSTERIA

(Continued from page 1)

drown in front of South College, a vaguely familiar sheet of print drifted by—our *Collegian*. Suddenly we began laughing hysterically. *Everyone* laughs at the *Collegian*. So why not print our own? You'll find it inserted in the center fold. If there are enough requests for it, all future issues of the *Collegian* will be published by us rather than by the present staff.

— Yushnik



## SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

KEEP RIGHT—Barry Goldwater  
 BEAR LEFT—General Walker  
 YIELD RIGHT OF WAY—Adlai Stevenson  
 DEAD END—Ike  
 ONE WAY—Nikita Khrushchev  
 DANGER  
 CURVES—Jacqueline Kennedy  
 SLOW  
 CHILDREN—Caroline and John, Jr.  
 DANGER  
 NEW ROAD  
 UNDER CONSTRUCTION—John F. Kennedy  
 LOADING ZONE—Fidel Castro  
 THROUGH WAY—Premier Nehru  
 ONE HOUR PARKING—Tshombe  
 NO LEFT TURN—John Birch Society

When *Caesura* publishes it, they call it art ...

When *Voodoo* publishes it, they laugh ...

When *we* publish it, they call it the Final Issue ...

\* \* \*

### JESUS SAVES BUT MOSES INVESTS

\* \* \*

Two men and a young lady on the pullman going to New York decided they had better get acquainted.

One man said: "My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint."

The other man said: "My name is Paul, but I'm not an apostle."

The girl muttered: "My name is Mary, and I don't know what to say."

\* \* \*

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

\* \* \*

Fortune found in a Chinese cookie: "YOU WILL LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE—AND THEN ROT."

\* \* \*

She: I'm perfect.

He: I'm practice.



WHAT'S THE MATTER? DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF OHIO ORTHOPEDIC?

## On The Whole You Can,t Beat The...



## FOR FINE CLOTHING IN AMHERST On Main Street

What's a Zebra?

25 sizes larger than a Abra

\* \* \*

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Nixon."

"Nixon who?"

"You mean you've forgotten him already?"

\* \* \*

Bachelor: A guy who comes to work every morning from a different direction.

# EVERYTHING



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You've heard of Robin and Batman, Speedy and Green Arrow, and many others. Now read the never before told story (exclusive to *Yahoo*) of ...

# GILLY AND THE PHANTOM

by B. J. Green

Our story opens as Lamont Elredel (really the Phantom in disguise), President of a small cow college in Northern Rhodesia, and Gilly Sidewood (really Gilly Sidewood in disguise), discuss the Huntzburger case. (It must be noted here that upon the pronunciation of the word "FINK" [Foolish, Idiotic, Nudnik, Knickers], Lamont Elredel turns into the Phantom and Gilly Sidewood turns into Gilly Sidewood. This is accompanied by claps of thunder, loud burping and occasional earthquakes.)

"What do you suppose Huntzburger is up to this week, Gilly?"

"Gilly's balding, teenage dome glistened in the sun as he cleverly said, 'Well, that is indeed a difficult question, but I would suggest that I really haven't got any idea.'"

"Tell you what, Gilly, you teenage hero you, say the magic word so that I can change into the Phantom and you can change into Gilly Sidewood and we'll listen to conversations in the backs of barrooms."

"Just like Tonto."

"Don't get smart, Gilly. Just say the magic word."

"Uh ... uh ... hmm. Let's see."

"The magic word is what, Gilly?"

"Fook ... LIFK ... hmmm ..."

"What is the magic word?"

"Flink ... no ... Filk ... no ..."

"Foolish, Idiotic, Nudnik and Knickers—remember now?"

"Can't you give me more of a hint?"

"Can't you remember one little word, you fool? That's all you have to do around here is say the magic word. Now

I ask you—is that a hell of a lot? One stinking word? Gilly, you're a real Fink!"

(Claps of thunder, loud burping and an earthquake in one of the Solomon Islands. Lamont Elredel is now invisible.)

"Let's go over to Huntzburger's office."

"Who said that?"

"I did."

"Who's that?"

"It's me, Gilly, the Phantom."

"Oh, I forgot."

Our heroes approach Dean Huntzburger's office.

"Halt—who goes there?"

"Gilly Sidewood."

"What's the secret word?"

"Publish."

"O. K., Mr. Sidewood, you can go in."

Dean Huntzburger's office is papered with 3,872 eviction notices and his desk is a converted printing press. His chair is a huge carved rubber stamp, and the Dean sits on his *perishable*.

"What is it, Gilly?"

"Lamont and I thought we'd drop in and have a chat. Ouch!" (The phantom has just kicked Gilly in his *perishable*.)

"Why couldn't Lamont come?"

"He was afraid to be seen in public."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"I'll be frank, Huntzy. Lamont and I know you're trying to take over our jobs, but you'll never do it."

"I will, I will, I will!"

(Continued on next page)

# GILLY AND THE PHANTOM

(Continued from page three)

"Stop stamping your feet."

"Sorry."

"Well, just remember that Lamont and I will be watching you. Ouch!"

Gilly and the Phantom leave the Dean's office and proceed to the Scott Building (formerly the Student Union). Dean Scottt is busily stuffing quarters from the lobby counter cash register into his pocket as our heroes enter.

"How are you this morning, Gilly?"

"Well that is indeed a difficult question, but I'm fine."

"Where's Lamont?"

"He's right — ouch — he's around somewhere. How about a drink?"

"Coffee?"

"If you insist."

"Step down into my Hatch."

"I beg your pardon."

"For coffee."

"Oh, so sorry."

As the trio descends to the Hatch, the Phantom tells Gilly to find Dean Feeld and see if the Dean knows when Huntzy's "coup" is going to take place. Dean Feeld is having his 9:50 a.m. coffee break just before his 10:00 a.m. Ipana break.

"Good morning, Gilly."

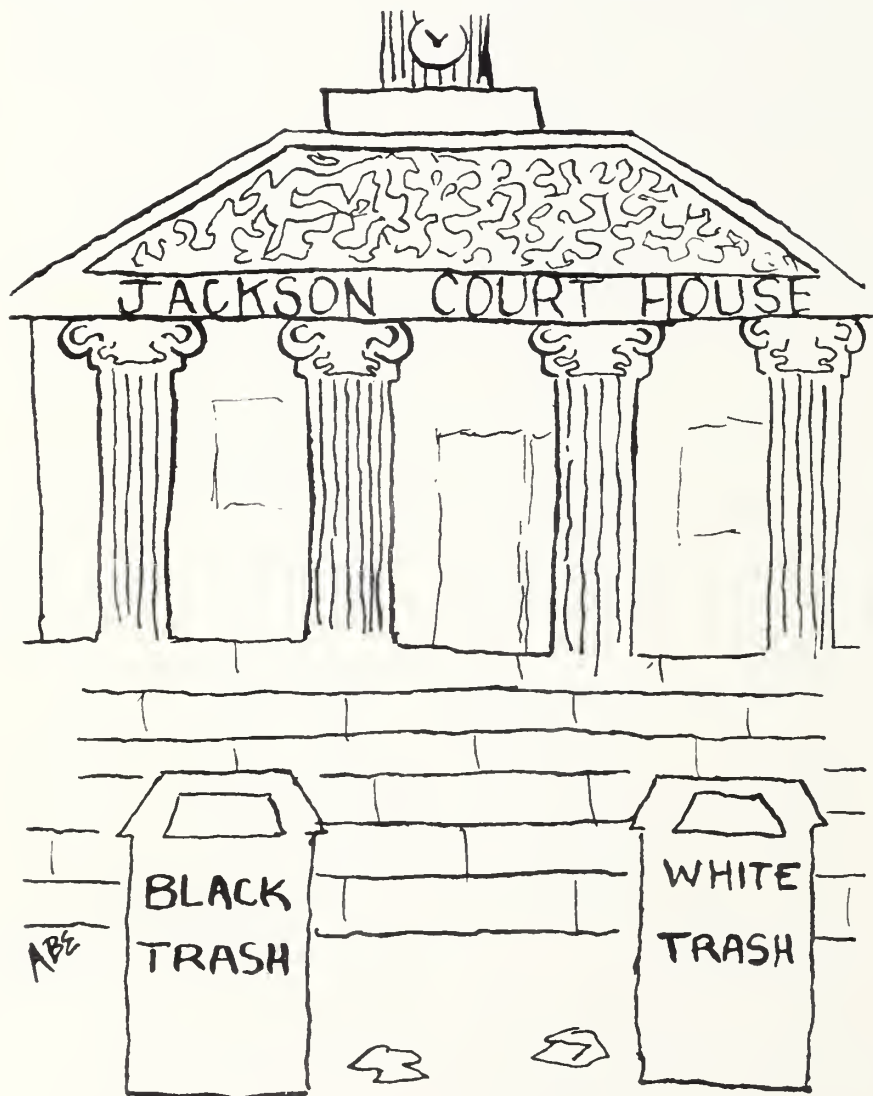
"Good morning, Dean Feeld."

"Good morning, Dean Scottt."

"Good morning, Dean Feeld."

"Good morning, Gilly."

"Ouch!"



"O.K., enough with the 'good mornings.' Let's sit down."

Gilly, at his tactful best, smiled at Dean Feeld "When is the 'coup'?"

"O.K.," Dean Feeld said. "As long as you know this much, I'll tell you that it will be soon now."

"Dean Feeld, you're not smiling. I'm shocked."

"I haven't put on my 10:00 a.m. Ipana gleam yet."

"But it's 10:00 o'clock now."

"Excuse me, gentlemen." Dean Feeld takes out a toothbrush and toothpaste and brushes his teeth in full view of 3,000 students, many of whom become nauseous.

A pretty co-ed walks past the table and suddenly her face gets quite red. She turns around and slaps Gilly, then walks away.

"Knock it off, Lamont; I always get blamed. Ouch!"

"Have you gone mad, Gilly? Why don't you stop in and have a little chat with Dr. Janowisk?"

"I'm quite all right. Ouch! On second thought, that might not be such a bad idea. I'll see you later."

Our heroes start off for the infirmary, but the Phantom, having followed his usual decisive role in events, decides that it's once again time to become Lamont Elredel.

"O.K., Gilly, say the word."

"Foonk . . . hmmm . . . no . . . knoof . . ."

"The magic word, Gilly, say the word."

"Klinf . . . no . . . knickers . . ."

"You're getting close."

"Fink?"

Claps of thunder roll and loud burping ensues as Lamont Elredel appears. Two students are walking directly behind our heroes.

"Who's that guy with Gilly?"

"I've never seen him before."

"He looks like a Fink."

Claps of thunder and one of the students burps.

"Excuse me."

The Phantom continues to walk beside Gilly Sidewood, who is now clever-



ly disguised as Gilly Sidewood. As the pair approach the infirmary, an ambulance pulls up and two stretcher-bearers carry out the body of Police Chief Blasto, who has fallen victim to exhaustion after writing out 4,836½ parking tickets and setting a world's record by tagging the same car 86 times from 8:00 to 8:50 a.m.

Our heroes enter Dr. Janowisk's office.

"Good morning, Doctor."

"Up on the couch, please; I'm a busy man."

Gilly lies down on the couch, and Dr. Janowisk takes out a small notebook, puts on his class of '37 beanie, moistens his thumb, wets his pencil tip, and then asks:

"Why do you hate everyone?"

"I don't hate everyone."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, this is a very difficult question, indeed, but I feel quite safe in saying that to the best of my knowledge I do not seem to have antagonistic feelings against the majority of — ouch!"

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I'm afraid we'll have to continue this discussion at some other time. I have a conference I must attend. Please pay the cashier on the way out."

Dr. Janowisk puts on his roller skates and slides off down the hall.

"Phantom?"

"What is it *now*, Gilly?"

"You don't seem very concerned about the 'coup'."

"I'm not, Gilly. But come, we must see just two more people, and then I shall take my final decisive action which will save us in the nick of time in perfect Hollywood fashion."

Our heroes proceed to Machmer Hall (named after Robert) and to the office of Dean Hoopkins and Dean Curt.

"Gilly, you stay outside while I, invisible to the world, walk through this glass door."

A loud crash ensues as the Phantom walks through the glass door indicating that although he is invisible, the Phantom is really quite solid. Around a table

sit Dean Hoopkins, Dean Curt (who is sitting on Dean Hoopkin's lap), Dean Scottt, Dean Feeld, and the Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia, Fistor Forculo (the ex-governor of Nassau).

"... So that's why I want to be President of our little cow college, Mr. Forculo," Dean Huntzburger was saying.

"And we agree," chimed in the rest of the group. Dean Curt giggled.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began His Excellency, "I'm afraid you're all under a slight misapprehension. For years we have been operating the University without any President at all. He doesn't exist."

The entire group become quite pale and the silence was broken only by the merry laughter of the Phantom, who once again with the aid of Gilly Sidewood, teenage hero, triumphed over the forces of evil by meeting the challenge face on—for all the world to see.

FIN

## Worried About OVERPOPULATION?

You can do something:

JOIN

\*  
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(Mankind's answer to SANE)

Write to:

Dr. William Teller  
Rand Corporation  
Berkeley, California

\*Society to Encourage Nuclear Disaster

## TAKE OUT SOMETHING

**G  
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**HOT TONIGHT  
at Robustelli's**

YA-HOO  
*Queen*

WINTER  
1963



Miss Anne Creeden  
of  
LAWRENCE, MASS.  
CLASS OF '66

*Once again,  
expert photography  
by Yahoo's own  
STAN PATZ*







There is a section of Brooklyn which was, at one time, almost entirely populated by Jews, but has recently been heavily infiltrated by Puerto Ricans. We were passing through and noted the following sign in a little tailor shop:

SE HABLA YIDISH

—Jester of Colombia

\* \* \*

CESTLAVIE

A virgin's always on the verge  
Of yielding to the urge to merge.  
It takes a saint to purge the urge;  
It takes a fool to urge the purge  
Jester

\* \* \*

BOMB MOT

All Madam Bovaries  
Have active ovaries...

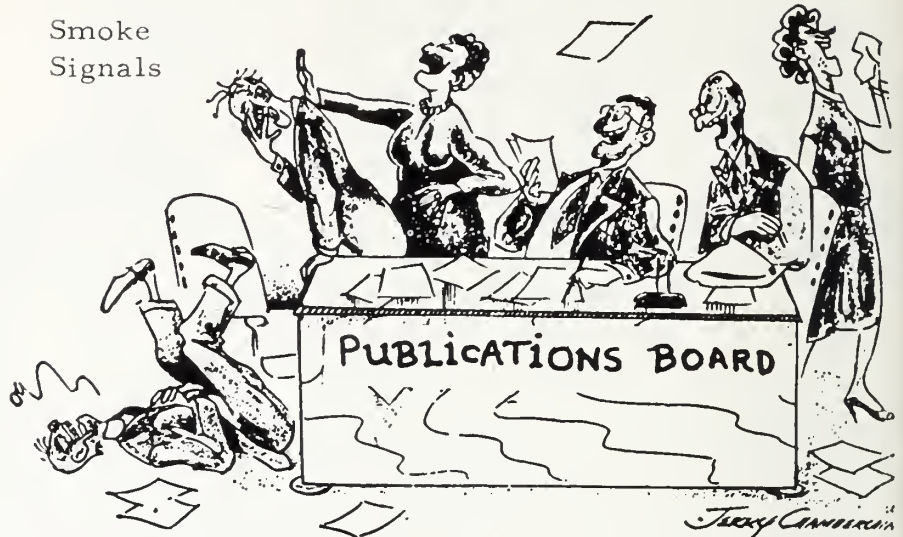
\* \* \*

"Why do you take milk baths?"

"Can't find a cow tall enough to take  
a shower."

## THE CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE—PART I

Smoke  
Signals



"Let's read that once more before we ban it."

Department of Useless Information:

The most widespread childhood disease in the world today is virginity.

Molly Godberg has found a bodyguard—the S. S. a bissle.

\* \* \*

Two men got on an elevator and as the door closed, one said to the other, "Say, you went to Harvard didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. How could you tell?"

"Oh," said the first, "I could tell by the nice clothes you have, the proud way you carry yourself, and by the educated look you have."

"Well, thank you," the second said. "You went to UMass, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied the first. "How could you tell?"

"Well, it was easy. I saw your class ring when you reached up to pick your nose."

\* \* \*

A well-known orthopedic surgeon was being conducted through a hospital ward on a trip of inspection. His host showed him a patient and said, "That child limps because his right leg is shorter than his left. What would you do in this case?"

"I'd limp too," replied the doctor.

\* \* \*

A young German farmer near Munich One day wore a bright scarlet tunic;

A bull took offense,

And now this poor gent's

An unfortunate Teutonic eunuch.



"Call off Easter! We found the body . . . ."

## WE FILL YOUR GAS NEEDS



**COLLEGETOWN  
SERVICE CENTRE**

The Dean of Women used to give lectures to the women undergraduates on the topic of sex. They were discontinued, however, after the following incident:

"In moments of temptation," the Dean had been saying, "ask yourselves just one question: is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

At this point, one of the girls looked incredulous and asked, "Tell me, Dean, how do you make it last an hour?"

\* \* \*

A UMass coed was picking flowers in one of the Stockbridge pastures when a bull—as bulls will—gave chase. She dashed frantically for the fence, and just had time to scramble over, falling on the other side and injuring her leg.

They took her to the infirmary, where the doctor examined her and found multiple fractures. "I'm afraid," he said sympathetically, "that you will go through life with a limp."

"Well," she replied, "I guess that's better than having a calf."

"Do you realize that overindulgence in sex impairs the hearing?" the reform speaker roared.

The *Yahoo* staff turned to each other and spoke simultaneously: "Eh? What'd he say?"

\* \* \*

Communist: a fellow who likes what he hasn't got so well that he doesn't want you to have it either.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Stand up, Johnny. Now tell me how much is three plus three."

Counting on his fingers, he finally replied, "Six."

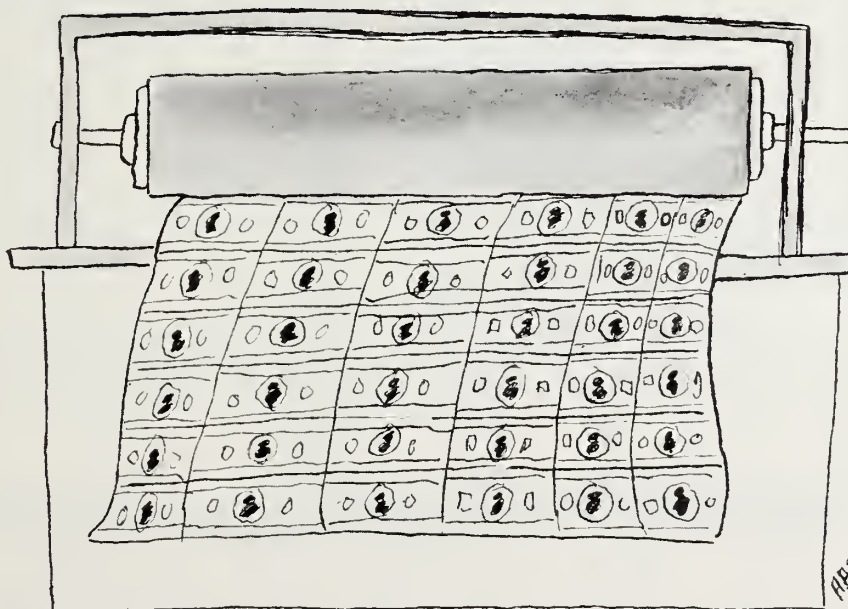
Teacher: "How many times have I told you not to count on your fingers? Now put your hands in your pockets and tell me how much six and four are."

Putting his hands in his pockets, the boy stood silent a long moment and then replied, "Eleven."

\* \* \*

Two old maids took a tramp through the woods. (He died of exhaustion.)

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DAMMIT



OSU SUNDIAL

# PIRATED



"I just washed my hare and I can't do a thing with it!"

GARTER



Smol Sign



Yale Record



RIVET

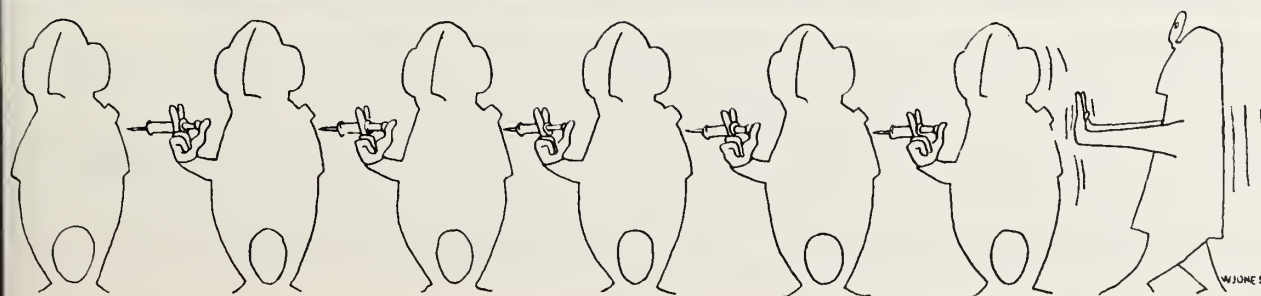
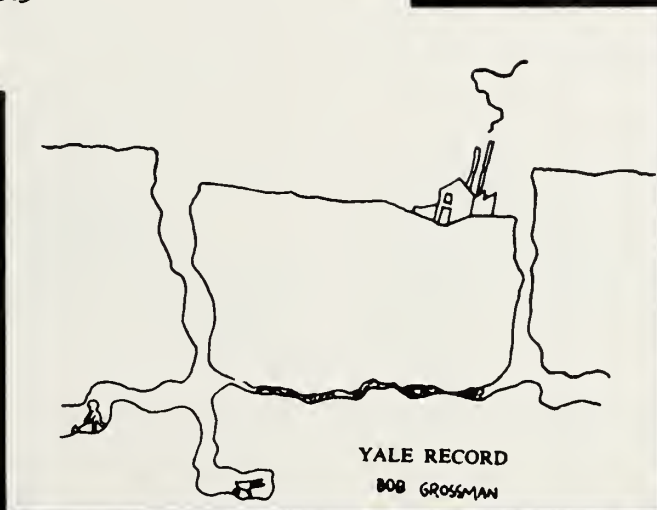
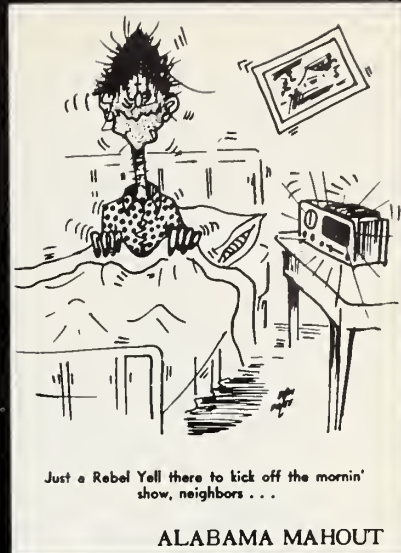
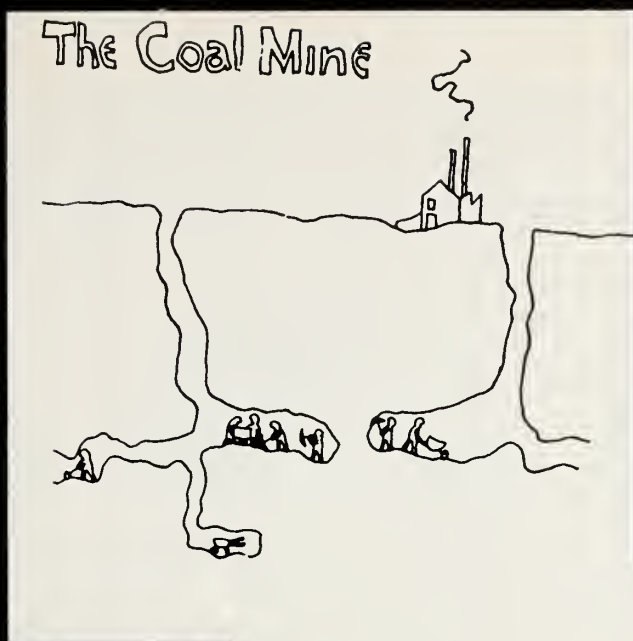
O'Neal

"Catch him, catch him! He's trying to get back."



Felican





## THE CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE—PART II



Doctor: "Say! You have the faint outline of the letter 'M' on your tummy. How come?"

Coed: "My steady is a college man—and he never removes his sweater."

Doctor: "Oh, where does he go? Michigan, Minnesota? Maryland, Massachusetts?"

Coed: "Oh, no; he goes to Wisconsin."

\* \* \*

Smith girl, as she rode her bicycle along the bumpy pavement: "This is the last time I'll come this way."

\* \* \*

We have a cousin that is so thin that when she swallowed an olive eight guys left town.

\* \* \*

Did you know that you have to pass a stiff exam to become a coroner?

\* \* \*

Sign on a cathouse:

OUT TO LUNCH  
BEAT IT

\* \* \*

"How do you kill a stork?"

"Shoot it in the air."

Have you ever heard of queer termites? They eat nothing but mail boxes.

\* \* \*

Fisherman: "Abe, I think I got me a haddock."

Abe: "Vy don't you take an aspirin?"

\* \* \*

Salesman: "Could I sell you some pajamas?"

Co-ed: "No; I don't wear them."

Salesman: "My name is Hardwicke, Bob Hardwicke."

\* \* \*

"Hey, Mrs. Noah! Your husband wants to know how long is a cubit."

\* \* \*

The farmer's daughter ran to tell her father, "Pa, here comes Kurt Sturdley."

"Quick, daughter! Get into the house!"

"But Pa, he's a Stockbridge man!"

"I said get into the house. And take the cow with you."

\* \* \*

A Seattle undertaker signs all his letters "Eventually yours."





<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>
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By the way, this isn't just *any* puzzle; it's an original one of a new sort, devised by the diabolique mind of our own J. D. As a former psychology major, she learned all the latest techniques for the frustration of rats, and then turned her talents toward producing the same reactions in people. If you're skeptical, just try solving the challenging new Yahoo Dilettante Puzzle below!

Directions:

1. The number of stomachs a cow has  $\times$  the number of cells produced by a meiotic division  $\div$  the number of days of Passover  $+$  the number of electrons normally circling a lithium nucleus  $=$
2. The number of cotton swabs in the 39¢ size box of Johnson's Cotton Buds  $\div$  the number of sisters Medusa had  $-$  the number of teaspoons in a table-spoon  $=$
3. WMUA's assigned fm frequency  $-$  the fraction of a cent that one mill is  $+$  the number of toes Paul Theroux has  $-$  the number of black pawns in a chess set  $+$  the maximum number of times per week a Catholic may take communion  $\div$  the number of states in the union  $+$  the number of eyes that Cyclops had  $=$
4. The number of presidents the University of Massachusetts has had  $+$  the number of states bordering on Nevada  $\div$  the number of arithmetic operations

Solution:  $13 + 7 \div 4$  (Mars is the fourth planet from the sun) —  $2: 13 + 7 = 20; 20 \div 4 = 5; 5 - 2 = 3$ .

8. The number of books in the Old

**GOOD LUCK!**







100  
100





